

The Weekly Museum.

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THE PILGRIM'S STORY.

"**M**Y eyes first opened to the vicissitudes of life, in the city of Avignon. My father was a general in the French service; and my mother the only offspring of her noble, but indigent parents. They were united by disinterested affection, and as their happiness centered in each other, they were above the envy or malice of mankind. My father's fortune, though not competent to procure the luxuries of the world, was, by my mother's economy and exemplary prudence, sufficient for the enjoyment of every comfort.

" I was the only fruit of their unfulfilled attachment. My amiable mother survived but a few minutes after she gave me being. She embraced me, and clasping me to her bosom, resigned her gentle soul to endless happiness: but, alas! her helpless offspring was reserved to struggle through a wilderness of woe, the destined victim of relentless sorrow.

" My father, whose profession called him from Avignon when I was scarcely three years old, committed the care of my education to the Abbe de Verfae, a distant relation of my mother. He was a man celebrated for his profound erudition and brilliant talents: he instructed my young mind in all the elegant acquirement of a scholar and a gentleman. The labours of his anxious hours were rapid by my close application to the precepts he wished to inculcate.

" My learned and enlightened tutor, was a cynic in a manner, though a philanthropist in principle; his soul was replete with all the sublime sensations of pity and generosity; he considered flattery as a baleful weed upon which fools thrive, and wise men sicken. He laughed at the wretched arrogance, too often the associate of wealth, and considered the man, born to an exalted rank in life, as one, afflicted with an incurable disease, that infected all who approached him with the poison of duplicity.

" What," has he often said, "can be a more miserable situation, than that of a man who at the first dawn of reason, finds himself surrounded by slaves, subservient to his caprices, commanding his follies, concealing his imperfections, and impregnating his docile mind with the absurd ideas, that because he is highly born, he is virtuously supreme! The poor and unprotected mechanic, toils on, from youth to age, with Industry and humility for his only associates; he dreads a deviation from the paths of rectitude, because he knows he has no title, but his good name; he is taught to examine his own heart, and correct its errors, because he moves in a sphere, where truth is not hoodwinked by interest, or follome applause, extorted from the trembling tongue of fear: he has no ermined robe to guard him from the blasts of reproach; no dazzling mask to hide him from the trying eye of justice; he cannot, like the possessor of worldly power, laugh at the pointing finger of scorn, and trample on the vassal, whom nature formed his equal! " Know," said he, "my little pupil, you are born the proudest work of your creator! He has given you faculties to sup-

port the dignity of your birthright, and intrepidity of soul, to stem the overwhelming torrents of turbulent oppression. Look to yourself for superiority, and from every example of fallen depravity, extract a lesson of morality. Flatter not the weakness of the base and degraded, neither meanly withhold the tribute of applause, where the perfections of the heart demand it of you; above all, remember you are a human being I endowed with intellects, and placed in a garden of luxuriant blessings, that only require your hand to cultivate them for your use and pleasure."

" Such were the precepts of the Abbe de Verfae; my observations through a life of perplexing vicissitudes, have invariably convinced me of their truth and propriety.

" At the age of seventeen I had acquired a competent knowledge of the classics, and had already composed many successful pieces in imitation of the Greek and Latin poets. The rocks of Vaucluse, consecrated by the inspiration of the Muses, had often echoed with my matin song, and the celestial form of the immortal *Laura*, frequently blessed in visionary dreams the flumbers of the evening!

" I felt rapt, inspired, or mused beneath the laurelled bower, dedicated to love and virtue! I wandered on the margin of the shallow rivulets that were once dear to the faithful Petrarch; their murmurs soothed my pensive heart; and, as I dropped a tear upon their bubbling surface, I experienced the conscious delight of having paid the tender tribute due to his memory and his arrows! Often did I cast my little form upon the sod, made sacred by the footsteps of the wandering lover. These were my happy moments—transient indeed they were, for they now almost appear to have been the phantoms, of a bewildered fancy. The subduing hand of misery has nearly erased the very shadows of my early hours; the bright delusions of youth's glowing day are sunk in cold oblivion, as the glorious sun sets in the border of the dark and troubled ocean!

" Filled with romantic inspiration, my mind was softened like the tempered wax, and ready to receive the tenderest impressions.

" In the vicinity of Avignon, beneath the shades of an embowering wood, devotion had long performed her sacred orison at the monastery of Saint Terefe; the lofty walls were inaccessible, except on the fifteenth of June; when, at the celebration of the *Fete de Dieu*, the gates were thrown open, and every eye was permitted to view the solemn ceremony of the high mass.

" Curiosity, more than zeal, led me to be a spectator; the holy sisters, arranged in the chapel of the convent, sung their choral anthems, complete with seraphic harmony; the vaulted arches repeated the thrilling sounds, while the fumes of heavenly incense curled around a thousand quivering tapers. Among the virgins, my every sense was fascinated by, one, whose beauty far surpassed all I had yet conceived of mortal woman! A sweet melancholy gave inexpressible softness to features exquisitely regular, and the meek blush of unaffected modesty heightened a complexion beautiful and glowing as the rays of morning.

Her age pronounced her but newly initiated in holy duties, and her every look declared she was formed for that world from which she was secluded, in the deep and cheerless gloom of monastic apathy. I gazed upon her with a devotion more warm, more chaste, than even piety itself could have suggested. Her eye encountered mine. I fancied a thousand childish things; my earnest attention seemed to perplex her; the crucifix fell from her trembling hand; the rose and left the chapel.

" I returned to Avignon. The image of this peerless angel never forsook me; I beheld her in my midnight flumbers; her voice vibrated on my enraptured ear, and awoke me to all the agonies of despair. Often did I wander, when the sun sunk beneath the horizon, to watch its last beam that illuminated the vanes of her lonely habitation. Often did I listen whole hours beneath the hated walls that enclosed the treasure of my soul, to catch the distant and imperfect sound of the holy evening song. I fancied I could distinguish her voice from every other, and my heart panted sadly responsive to every swelling note.

" I remained several months in this state of perfect wretchedness, when an accident opened to my distracted mind a gleam of transitory comfort. The Abbe de Verfae, disgusted with the depravity of mankind, having entered into the most rigid state of holy bondage, was frequently employed in the pious office of confessor to the Nuns of Saint Terefe. A sudden indisposition preventing his usual attendance, I embraced the opportunity that presented itself; and, in the habit of a monk, bore to the abbess of the convent a letter, containing a specious recommendation of myself, deputing me as worthy of the sacred confidence. I was readily admitted into the cell of ghostly admonition, and fortune directed the heavenly *Louisa* to the footstool of contrition!

" The purity of her life scarcely left her a single error to acknowledge; my penance was as gentle as her soul was spotless: I requested her to peruse a lesson I had written for her, and to abide by the injunctions it contained; she thanked me, then with the voice of meekness and humility, implored my benediction, and departed.

" My safety required that I should instantly withdraw from the sacred walls, lest the imposition should be detected, and at once destroy my reputation and my *ipes*. The transaction was soon made public, and I frequently heard eternal vengeance denounced against the daring perpetrator of so vile a fraud. The abbess offered an immense reward for apprehending the sacrilegious hypocrite, and every tongue united to condemn me. My letter acquainted her of my name, quality, and fortune; which, by my father's death, was not inconsiderable; I implored her compassion for my sufferings, and earnestly requested her decisive answer. I told her, in the language of despair, that nothing should induce me to survive her resentment and concluded my frantic prayer by informing her, that I should watch ten successive nights beneath the walls that immured her, to receive the hat of my irrecoverable destiny."

[To be continued.]

A Gentleman engaged in the mercantile line, had followed business with various success; his integrity, his efforts, and his abilities, were unquestionable, and for many years they enabled him to make head, against a tide of misfortunes, which would have overwhelmed a common capacity; his creditors themselves, well convinced of the propriety and frugality of his arrangements, readily contributed the means, which his continued losses only converted into an accumulation of his arrears. Weary, at length, of a warfare which fate seemed to render so unequal, he summoned all those to whom he stood indebted, and forcing upon them, according to the amount of their demands, an exact proportion of the interest which remained with him; and thus voluntarily divesting himself of every shilling of property, he found, to his great regret, that it was only adequate to the discharging of a very small part of his arrears; he received, however, from his approving creditors, receipts in full; and, thus exonerated, in the estimation of the law, he very soon made up his mind, relative to his future destination; a generous friend supplied him with a small sum, by the means of which he embarked on a foreign voyage; prosperous gales soon wafted him to his desired port, and he presented himself with such credentials as he merited. Shakespeare says, there is a tide in men's affairs; he had embraced the favourable moment of opportunity, every thing that he undertook was prosperous, all his transactions were marked, and crowned by success, and a few years saw himself master of a very handsome property; he kept no correspondence with his friends during what he termed his period of exile, but he no sooner grasped that independence, after which his noble spirit had so long and so ardently sighed, than he departed in a ship of his own, richly freighted, full speed for his native country. Information of his return was conveyed to his creditors through the medium of a card, soliciting their presence at a public house, to partake of an entertainment which he had ordered for them. His creditors remembered him as an unfortunate, but an honest man, whose arrival they should gladly welcome over a cheerful glass, and they obeyed with avidity his summons. The first compliment were marked by mutual expressions of satisfaction, and from the lips of the welcome claimants, the warmest gratulations seemed spontaneously to issue. A superb dinner was served up with much elegance, and the covers being removed, the bottle was briskly pushed about; but who can express their astonishment, when in the midst of their hilarity, every man was presented with the full sum which he had so formerly relinquished, together with every shilling of interest, which would have been legally due, had they received promissory notes from him, instead of granting him the releases which they had so voluntarily given! A generous contention immediately ensued, but our merchant convincing his friends of his ability, they finally yielded to his remonstrances; a monument of their admiration, and their gratitude, they were, however, determined to exhibit, and they solicited, and obtained permission of the government to erect in a public stand, a magnificent obelisk, the faces of which were inscribed with the name of the upright debtor, and with a circumstantial account of the whole transaction. How much more honorary is a virtuous fame, than the possession of houses or of lands. The law was not made for the votaries of integrity, their own feelings are sufficient to them as a rule of action, and *Justice, unerring Justice, is the great standard of their lives.*

O D E.

On the ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

SUNG by the NEW-YORK COMPANY OF LIGHT INFANTRY, on Friday the 4th inst.

TUNE—"To Anacreon in Heaven."

UNFOLD, father Time, thy long records unfold,

Of noble Atchievements accomplish'd of old, When men by the spirit of LIBERTY led, Undauntedly conquered, or cheerfully bled: But now 'midst the triumphs these moments reveal, Their glories all fade, and their lustre turns pale, While FRANCE rises up and proclaims the decree, That tears off their chains, and bids MILLIONS be FREE.

II.

As Spring to the fields and as dew to the flowers, To the earth parch'd with heat as the soft dropping show'rs,

As health to the wretch that lies languid and wan, So cheering, so grateful is FREEDOM to Man; Where FREEDOM the light of her countenance gives,

There only he triumphs, there only he lives. Then seize the glad moment, and hail the decree, That tears off their chains, and bids MILLIONS be FREE.

III.

Too long had oppression and terror entwin'd, Those tyrant-form'd chains that enslave the FREE mind;

While dark superstition, with nature at strife, For age had lock'd up the fountain of life: But the Daemon is fled, the delusion is past, And Reason and Virtue have triumph'd at last. Then seize the glad moment, and hail the decree, That tears off their chains, and bids MILLIONS be FREE.

IV.

FRANCE! thy glorious triumph the American soul fills, While the genius of LIBERTY bounds o'er thine hills,

Redundant henceforth may the purple juice flow, Prouder wave thy green woods and thine Olive trees grow,

While the hands of Philosophy long shall entwine, Blest Emblem, the Laurel, the Myrtle, the Vine, And Heav'n thro' all eyes, confirm'd the decree, That tears off their chains, and bids MILLIONS be FREE.



The FRIENDLESS ORPHAN.

YE, who can shed a pitying tear When mournful tales are told, Attend! whilst I, in plaintive verse, An orphan's woes unfold.

Reft of his parents in his youth He knows no mother's love; No father can with anxious care, His follies disapprove.

No tender mother's care he knows Should Heav'n affliction send; No father's fond affection views! Depriv'd of ev'ry friend.

Full oft, when poverty complete, He asks relief in vain; No friendly hand supplies his wants, He's treated with disdain. Such is a friendless orphan's fate! No happiness he knows, Nor fees, 'till the hour of death arrives, The end of all his woes.

FOR JULY 13.

My beloved is mine, and I am his, Cant. ii. 16.— Divine anwer; I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgement, and in loving-kindness. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the LORD, Hos. ii. 19. 20.

BY faith in the Blood of CHRIST we are accepted, and closely united to him as our bridegroom, By that we daily eat his flesh, drink his blood, and are sprinkled all over; since even the best of our works, our prayers and other performances, still want it continually; as appears from type, Heb. ix. 19—21. where it is said, that "All the vessels of the ministry, and even the book was sprinkled."

Hark! the Redeemer from on high, Sweetly invites his fav'rites night; From caves of darkness and of doubt He gently speaks, and calls us out.

"My Sister and my spouse, he cries, "Bound to my heart by various ties; "The pow'rful love my heart detains "In strong delight and pleasing chains," Dear LORD, our thankful heart receives The hope thy invitation gives; To thee our joyful lips shall raise The voice of prayer, the voice of praise. I am my love's and he is mine; Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join; Nor let a motion not a word, Nor thought arise to grieve my LORD.



For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

REFLECTIONS ON CHOOSING A COMPANION for LIFE.

THE handsomest men and women are generally the most vain, it is beauty which is apt first to attract the attention of young people; but true esteem ought to be for the person of the most amiable, and those who possess the sweetest disposition. The reflection when choosing a companion for life, should be, is there in this person which can ensure esteem when beauty fades and loveliness of person is lost in the infirmities of old age: For to live with one whose looks are pleasing and instructive, and whose temper, like the smooth face of an unruffled lake (not agitated by storms and sudden gusts, but calm and even reflecting mildness and serenity itself) must be the height of all connubial bliss?

It is remarked by a late writer, that they alone despise beauty who do not possess it, how this will apply to old age, 'twill leave even the aged to determine, for most people are apt to appreciate the merit of things in their own possession, and to detract from those in the possession of others.

July 9.

F. B.



On a CHURCH built by direction, and under the immediate inspection, of a Man and his Wife.

IF all of man and woman come, From Adam and his Eve descended;

Are subject to a dreadful doom,

Entail'd by Adam, who offended:

And if of Adam and his Eve,

All mankind are but one race;

Then thou, O! church, I do believe

A child of wrath, and wanting grace.

July 10.

Squin.

Pleasing Intelligence.

Tuesday arrived in town from Niagara, a Mr. Pierce, a gentleman whose veracity may be depended upon, who informs, that the British forces intended to act in opposition to General Wayne, have been recalled from their station; and that part of them had arrived at Niagara, previous to Mr. Pierce's leaving that place, which was four weeks ago. Mr. Pierce also informs, that a large number of Indians were, before this, collected, who intended to join the British; but that they had all dispersed.

The above orders were supposed to have been issued by lord Dorchester.

At St. Jean, on lake Champlain, about the middle of May last, there were from 60 to 70 flat-bottomed boats. The numbers of men were increasing with unremitting industry. Each boat carries from 40 to 50 men. The English at that time had about 200 Canadians to man those boats, whom they paid at 30 shillings per month, Nova Scotia currency,—the dollar 5s.

The English government are fortifying with great activity St. Jean and also the Isle Aux Noix. A gally has been built and was launched in May last, intended for 60 oars, but it is thought will only bear 48 or 50. The men row under cover. This gally carries 4 twelve pounders, two at each end. It is so constructed as to row either end foremost; it is called La Chevre [the goat], was built at St. Jean and swims on lake Champlain.

On the 14th of April last, the judiciary of Montreal condemned a young Canadian to the pillory for having taken money from two English merchants, who had both hired him to trade with the Indians. The conduct of the young man was illegal, but was far from deserving the punishment pronounced, which should be reserved for crimes. The people who were present at the trial were so roused by this despotic sentence, as to cry aloud in open court that the punishment should not be inflicted, and this they opposed with such firmness that the young man was released. The people did not content themselves with this but went in a body to the public square, demolished the pillory, and threw the parts in the river. Thence they proceeded to the prison with an intention to open its doors, and it was with difficulty that some respectable citizens persuaded them to desist, promising that in future no similar injustice should be attempted, and that punishments thenceforward should be proportioned to crimes.

The Captain of the Stadt Altona, who arrived here on Thursday from Lisbon, which place he left the 28th May, reports, that previous to his sailing, a British packet arrived there, with London accounts of the 21st, by which it appeared that Mr. Fox and a number of others had been committed to the tower on a charge of treason.

He also says, that the Dutch Mediterranean fleet, consisting of about 70 sail, under convoy of two frigates, had been intercepted by a French squadron—That one of the frigates and a number of the merchant ships had been captured. That the other frigate and 15 of the ships had escaped and got into Lisbon.

The French were seen to burn nine of the Dutch ships.

A Dutch brig arrived at Lisbon, saw the Brest fleet, of 40 ships of war, cruising in the bay of Biscay on the 21st of May in the morning:—Same day in the afternoon, fell in with a British fleet of 9 men of war; under the command of Admiral Montague.

A London Paper, the Star, of 24th of May, was received by a gentleman of this city from Halifax—We are informed it contains much important information. The Austrians and British had attacked the French on the 17th or 18th, and were repulsed with considerable loss; that of the British alone in killed and missing about 800. The Duke of York was in considerable danger of being cut off with the column he commanded, by a party of the French, who came out of Lille; and it is said he had to swim a river in getting back to the main army. It is also said a fleet of merchantmen, under convoy of the Caster frigate, bound for Newfoundland, had fallen in with a French fleet, who captured nearly the whole of them. It is also said that General Clairfayt had obtained considerable advantages over part of the French army, with which he was engaged.

It also appears, that Madame Elizabeth, sister of the late king of France, is dead.

The report of Gen. Arnold's having fallen into the hands of the Carmignols, comes by way of Bermuda, from N. Goodrich, Esq. who, with several other Gentlemen, had arrived there from Gaudaloupe, in an open boat, in which they had made their escape, about the 6th of June, when the reported action was coming on.

Extract of a letter from Halifax, via St. John's dated June 26, 1794.

"By a ship from Liverpool in 26 days there is certain accounts received that the Duke of York is totally defeated, with the loss of 700 men killed, and as many wounded and taken prisoners, and has also lost 16 pieces of cannon; and that Clairfayt has obtained a complete victory over the French. The fleet for this place, under Admiral Murray, consisting of 3 ships of the line and 6 frigates, are now in sight. It was currently reported when the above ship left England, that the French fleet were again in port, and Howe, with the English Fleet, was still out."

Extract from the London Gazette extraordinary, of the 23d of May—containing a letter from the Duke of York to Mr. Dundas, of the 19th.

The army moved in five columns to attack the French; the column his royal highness commanded, were composed of 7 English, 5 Austrian, and 2 Hessian battalions, with six squadrons of light dragoons and Hussars, where successful in two attacks they made on the French; and after driving them from two entrenched posts, his royal highness was preparing to take a position for the night near Lanoy, and for that purpose advanced under Lt. General Abercromby a brigade of guards as the advanced corps. He soon after received orders from the Emperor to move on and to attack the enemy, in this he again was successful. In this position his royal highness was compelled to fritter away his command, first leaving the Hessian battalions at Lenoy, 2dly. 40. of British guards at Mouvay, under Gen. Abercromby, 3dly two Austrian do, detached to communicate with Col. Davier of Gen. Otto's column, and lastly a brigade under Gen. Fox, to secure his royal highness's flank in consequence of these detachments, the Duke had only three British regiments with him, and the dragoons. The French gained intelligence of this, pushed a corps between his royal highness and Gen. Otto, who gained the rear of the Duke, and a body of troops soon after issuing from Lille, began the attack on his royal highness—the conflict was of no duration, they were attacked in front and rear by as many thousands of the French, as they had hundreds, were soon broke, and his royal highness with difficulty gained Gen. Otto's column. The detachments under generals Abercromby, Fox, &c. made good their retreat and joined their columns on their right and left. The loss in killed, wounded and missing, is near 700, of that 3 regiments (the 14th,

37th, and 53.) sustained near 450, so that the others suffered very little, the most were made prisoners. Major Wright of the artillery is the only officer of rank killed. Gen. Clairfayt has revenge this check, and completely defeated a large body of the French, taking 24 pieces of cannon, and killed 2000 on the spot. The Prince Saxe Cobourg invested Maubeuge. This is a hasty sketch of a perusal of the Gazette, the number killed, &c. is accurate, having taken them down from the return.

Philadelphia, July 3.—A newspaper printed at Bourdeaux of the 8th May, contains an official detail of a total defeat of the Spaniards, by Dumommier on the 1st of May, in which 200 pieces of artillery, magazines, &c. fell into the hands of the French, who took near 2000 prisoners. The French army was pursuing when the account came away.

COURT OF HYMEN.

MARRIED

On Monday evening last at Springfield, (New-Jersey) Mr. JEREMIAH HALLETT, Merchant of this city, to Miss EDNEY CLARK, of that place.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Drs. Netbit, Mr. RICHARD THOMAS, to the amiable Miss SALLY PARKER, both of this city.

DIED

On Tuesday last, TOBIAS VAN ZANDT, aged 61. The tender husband, fond parent, and honest man, who has left a numerous family to deplore his loss.

*Inflexibly upright, this good man trod,
With firm unvarying step, the mortal vale;
Just to his fellow men, himself, his God,
His spirit bade the king of terrors hail.*

*Sleep, take thy rest, the toils of life are done,
Soon shall the bright unclouded morn arise,
And deathless virtue's ever lucid sun
Forever gilds, for thee, serene skies.*

RICHARD and BENJAMIN CARMAN, HAVE Commenced the HATTERS BUSINESS, at No. 60, Catharine-street, and at the corner of Front and King-streets—where they intend carrying it on in an extensive line.

Masters of Vessels and others, may be supplied with any quantity of either Coarse or Fine Hats, on the shortest notice.

New-York July, 10th, 1794.

PRINTERS INK. MANUFACTURED and sold by Jacob Fee, No. 1, Magazine-street, near the Tea-Water, Pump New-York. t.f.

The MANUAL EXERCISE. Is just Published, and for Sale at this Office. Price six-pence.

MR. MACK,
Miniature Painter;

WHOSE performances have been so much admired, by the lovers and promoters of the Fine Arts, returns his grateful thanks, for the very liberal encouragement he has received since in this city, and begs a continuance of favors, which he hopes to merit, being so fortunate as never to fail taking the most striking likeness of every subject he attempts.

New-York, Maiden Lane, No. 43.

Court of Apollo.

THE FOX AND THE CAT.

A FABLE.

THE Fox and the Cat, as they travell'd one day,
With moral discourses cut shorter the way;
" 'Tis great," says the Fox, to make Justice our
guide."

" How godlike is Mercy, Grimalkin reply'd."

While thus they proceeded, a Wolf from the wood,
Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,
Rush'd forth—as he saw the dull shepherd asleep,
And seiz'd for his supper, an innocent sheep.

In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat,
When mutton's at han'; says the Wolf I must eat,
Grimalkin's astonished, the Fox stood agape,
To see the fell beast eat his bloody repast.

" What a wretch, says the cat,—'tis the vilest of
brutes;

" Does he feed upon flesh, when there's herbage
and roots?"

Cries the Fox—" While our oaks give us acorns
so good,

" What a tyrant is this to spill innocent blood!
Well, onward they march'd, and they moraliz'd all th^t,
Till they came where some poultry pick'd chaff by
a mill;

Sly Reynard larv'd them with gluttonous eyes,
And made (spite of morals) a pelet his prize.

A Mouse too, that chanc'd from her covert to stray,
The greedy Grimalkin secur'd as her prey.

A Spider that sat in her web on the wall,
Perceiv'd the poor victims, and pity'd their fall;
She cry'd—of such murders, how guilty am I!
So ran to regale on a new taken Fly.

MORAL.

The faults of our neighbours, with freedom we
blame,
But tax not ourselves, tho' we practice the same.

PETER VANDERHOEF, Jun.

H A T T E R.

HAVING commented Business at No. 13
Old-slip, acquaints his friends and the
Public, that he is now carrying it on in all its
respective branches; where they may at all times be
supplied with HATS of any quality or fashion, on
reasonable terms.

N. B. Orders from the country executed with
punctuality.

New York, May 24. 15 t.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURED BLACK LEAD POTS,

Equal to any imported and cheaper.

BLACK LEAD, both coarse and fine, for the
purpose of blackening Franklin Stoves, and
pots with brads heads. Plains of various sorts
good Glue, Brands, of copper or cast iron, of
any description, Screw Augers, Pots, Kettles,
Griddles, Pyc Pans, iron Tea Kettles, wool and
cotton Cards, &c—Also, a general assortment of
IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.

Lately imported, and will be disposed of on rea-
sonable terms, by

GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN,
No. 2, Beekman-Slip.

B R E A D K E G S.

BREAD KEGS of different sizes, made and
sold at No. 431, Pearl-Street, where Bakers,
Grocers and others, may be supplied at short no-
tice, and on reasonable terms for cash.

May 22, 1794. WILLIAM CARGILL.

Just received per the last arrivals from London,
and for sale by

CALEB HAVILAND, TAYLOR,

No. 77, late 13, Golden-Hill-Street,

A N elegant assortment of superfine London
broad cloths, with trimmings of suitable
colors and quality.

Tamboured vest shapes, on cassimeres, muslins,
musnets.

Satinos, Florentines, nankeens, &c.

Which he is determined to sell on as low terms
as can be afforded by any person in this city; he
returns his thanks to those gentlemen, who have
hitherto favored him with their custom, and now
assures them and the public in general, that he
will exert his endeavors to please to the utmost, all
who will honor him with their future custom.

New-York, May 10.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

Made at the New-York Cotton and Linen Manu-
factory, and for sale by ANDREW STOCK-
HOLM, at No. 303, Pearl-Street, formerly
Queen-Street, near Peck Slip.

A Great variety of striped and plain nankeens,
for the summer season, calculated for ladies
or gentlemen, which will be retailed for the pre-
sent.

Also will be ready in a few days,

German stripes, thickets, bridgetts, or rib de-
lavers, fustians, jeans, pillow fultians, dainties,
crossovers, checks, and bed ticken, Stocking yarn
of different qualities, and candle wick.

Orders for cotton goods of any quality made
to pattern, on the shortest notice.

Wanted, workmen in the cotton line, and like-
wise a number of apprentices, either girls or
boys, from 7 years old and upwards.

June 14.

18—t.

GEORGE YOULE, Plumber and Pewterer,

INFORMS his friends and the Public in gene-
ral, that he has removed from No. 54 to
No. 284, Water-Street, between Peck and New-
Slips, where he still continues to carry on his busi-
ness as usual: viz. making of House leads and
Scuppers, head and mid-ship pumps, lining of Cil-
ters, Gutters, &c. He also makes Pewter distill
Worms suitable for Stills from 10 to 3000 gallons
—Likewise manufactures Spoons and Candle
Moulds of every size—where the Public may be
supplied in any quantity and on as reasonable
terms as any of his branch of business in New-
York.

May 24. 15 t.

HENRY M. DOBBS.

HAVING conducted the Watch Making Bu-
siness for Mr. John J. Staples, Jun. and his hav-
ing now declined it, H. M. DOBBS has taken a
shop, No. 64, Wall Street, opposite the Tortine
Coffee-House, where he carries on said Business.
He pledges himself to those Gentlemen and La-
dies, that have estimable watches, to directly re-
pair them himself, as he has, with sincere regret,
known great abuses committed, from the want of
experience, in many who profess to know that
most beautiful and curious art.

N. B. Those watches that were sold by him while
at Mr. Staples's he continues to warrant.

A few handsome English and French Silver
warranted Watches, on hand.

June 14.

18—t.

PAINTING, GILDING and GLAZING.

No. 43, Smith-Street.

THE Subscriber returns his thanks to his
friends and the public for their generous
encouragement in the line of his business.

SHIP and HOUSE PAINTING,
done with neatness and dispatch.

Ornamental Painting, & Signs elegantly executed.

JOHN VANDER POOL.

S. L O Y D,

Stay, Mantua-Maker and Milliner.

EGS leave to inform her friends and the pub-
lic in general, that she carries on the above bu-
siness in all its branches, at No. 21, Great Dock-
street.—She returns her most grateful acknow-
ledgements to her friends and the public for past fa-
vors and hopes to merit a continuance of them.

Those ladies who please to favor her with
their commands, may depend on the utmost exer-
tions to give satisfaction, and the lowest terms.

Orders from town or country punctually obeyed.

July 20, 1793.

71—1.

E D U C A T I O N.

TO accommodate such young ladies as wish to be
further advanced in their education, are un-
willing to attend school the common hours, Mr.
ELY will attend from 6 till 8 A. M. through the
summer, at his seminary, No. 91, Beekman-Street.
Arithmetic and Geography will be principally at-
tended to: Other branches if required. May 3.

W A N T E D.

TWO or three JOURNEYMAN Cabinet
Makers, apply to No. 38, Beekman-Street.
N. B. None need apply but good workmen.

New-York, May 10. 13 t.